ANDREW COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

JOHN SHERMAN, Publisher

SAVANNAH, MO., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1872.

VOL. I.-NO. 23.

MY INDIAN LOVE. BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

A forest mailen; she is mine; And on Sierra's slopes of pine, The vines below, the snows above. A so'stary lo go is act within a 'ringe of watered firs; And there me wigwam fires burn, Fed by a round brown patient han !. That small brown faithful hand of hers that never rests till my return The yellow smoke is risin cy-t; Tistoe, and see it where you stan t. But lik a cold on from the land.

There are no sea-gems in her hair, So lewe a fret her dimpled hands. And hall her bronzen limbs are bare; But round brown ar as have golden bands Broad, 11th, and by her counting hands Cut from the yellow virgin ore, And she does not desire more. I we ir the beaded wampum belt That she had woven—the sable pelt That she bad fringed re I threads around; And in the morn, when men are cut. I wate the valuey with the shot That brings the brown deer to the ground And she beside the lodge at noon In sea-shell cradle by the bough-Sings low, so like the clover sings With awarm of bees; I bear her now, I see her sad face through the moon Such songs-would earth had more of such She has not much to say, and she Lifts never voice to question me In aught I do . . . and that is much I love her for her patient trust, And my love's forty-fold return A value I have not to learn As you . . . at least as many must

. She is not over-tall or fair; Her bressts ar curtained by her bair, And sometimes, through the silken fringe, I see her bosom's wealth, like wine, Burst through in luscious giddy tinge-And all its wealth and worth are mine. I know not that one drop of blood Of Princ or Chief Is in her veins. I simply tay that she is good, And loves me with pure womanho When that is said, why what remai

THE NEW PASS.

AT THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

The circumstance I am about to relate happened just four autumns ago, when I was triveling in Switzerland with my eld school and college friend, Egerton Wolfe. Before g ing further, however, I wish to observe that this is no dressed-up narrative lam a plain, prosaic man; by name Francis Legrice—by profession a barrister—and I Legrice—by profession a barrister—and think it would be difficult to find many per sons less given to look upon life from a ro mantic or imaginative point of view. By my enemis, and sometimes perhaps by my friends, I am supposed to push my habit of incredulity to the verge of universal scep friends, I am supposed to push my habit of incredulity to the verge of universal scepticism; an I indeed I admit that I believe in very little that I do not hear and see for myself. But for these things that I am going to relate I can vouch; and in so far as mine is a personal narrative, I am responsible for is a personal narrative, I am responsible for What I saw, I saw with my own eyes in the broad daylight. I offer nothing, imply a plain statement of facts, as they d to myself. I was tr veling, then, in Switzerland with

long vacation tour by a good many, but it promised to be our last; for Wolfe was envery beautiful and charming girl, aughter of a-north country baronet.

He was a handsome fellow, tall, graceful, dark haired, bark eyed; a poet, a dreamer, an artist— is moroughly unlike myself, in short as one man having arms, legs, and short as one man having arms, legs, and bead, can be unlike another. And yet we suited each other capitally, and were the fastest f.h.nds and best traveling companions n the world.

We had begun our holiday on th's occa son with a week's idleness at a place which I will call Oberbrum—a delightful place, S viss, consisting of one wooden building, half water-cure establish ment halr hotel, two smaller buildings called dep ndances, a tiny church, with a bubbes steple painted green, and a hand-ful of village, all perched together on a brezy mountain plateau, some three thousand het a ove the lake and valley. Here, far from the haunts of the British tourist and the A'pine Club man, we read smoked, climbed, rose with the dawn, rubbed up our fusty German, and got ourselves into train

. At length, our week being up, we started -rathe. I ter on the whole than was pruden, for we had a thirty miles' walk before

For som distance our path lay along the moun'an side, through pine woods and by cultivated slopes where the Indian corn was ripening to gold and the late has harwas ripening to gold and the late has harwas ripening to gold and the late has harwas waiting for the mower. Then the
path would graduilly downward—for the
valley bey between us and the pass we had
laid out for our day's work—and then,
through a discussion of soft green slopes
and raddy upple orchards, we came to a bine
lake fit god with rusher, where we hired a
boat with a striped awning like the boats on
Lago Maggiore, and were rowed across by Lago M ggiore, and were rowed across by about wan who rested on his oars and sang a joid song wh n we were balf way across Being landed on the opposite bank, we found our road at once begun to trend up-ward; and here, as the guide informed us-the accent of the Hohennorn might be said

to begin.
"This, however, meine Herren." said pass. It is ill kept; for none but country ton-kept; for none but country ton-elers from Oberbrun come this way now-elers from Oberbrun come this way now-But we shall strike the new pass higher up. and road, meine Herren—as fine s and good for carriage A grand road, meine Herren—as fine a road as the Simplen, and good for carriages all the way. It has only been open since the spring.

"The old pass is good enough for me, anyhow!" said Egerton, crowding a hand-ful of wild forget-me-nots under the ribbon of his hat. "It's like a stray fragment of Arcada."

And in truth it was wonderfully lovely and to luded—a mere rugged path winding steeply upward in a soft green shade, among large forest trees and moss grown rocks covered with patches of velvety linehen. By-and by, when we had been follow-ing this path for nearly an hour, we came upon a patch of clearing, in the midst of which stood a rough upright monelith, ancarvings like a Runic monument—the primitive handless

ilive houndary-stone between the Cantons of Uri and Unterwalden. "Let us rest here !" cries Egerton, fling bimself at full length on the grass. "Eleu fugaces! — and the hours are shor than the years. Why not enjoy them?" But the guide, whose name is Peter Ka man, interposes after the manner of guides in general, and will by no means let us have ose name is Peter Kauffour own way. There is a mountain inn, he arges, now only five minutes distant—"an excellent little inn, where they sell good red wine." So we yield to fate and Peter Kauff-

et on a shelf or plateau overhanging a giddy precipice. Here, sitting under a vinecovered trellis built out on the very brink of the cliff, we find three mountaineers discussing a flask of the good red wine aforesaid. In this picturesque eyric we made our mid-day halt. A smiling madchen brought us coffee, brown bread and goat's milk cheese; while our guide, pulling out a huge lump of the dryest schwarizes brod from his wallet, fraternized with the mountaineers

over a half-flask of his favorite vintage.

"There must surely be moments," said Egerton Wolfe, after a while, "when even such men as you, Frank—men of the world.

be a Swiss peasal-farmer, with sabots a goitre; a wife without form as research person, and vold as regards her head; and a cretin grandfather a hundred and three years old? Why, no. I prefer myself as I

My friend smiled, and shook his head.
"Why take it for granted," said he, "that
no man can cultivate his brains, and his pa ternal acres at the same time? Horace, with none of the adjuncts you name, loved a country life, and turned it to immortal "T e world has gone round once or twice

since then, my dear fellow, I replied, philosophically "The best poetry comes out of sophically "The best poetry comes out of cities nowad ys."
"And the worst. Do you see those ava-

lanches over yonder?"
Following the direction of his eyes, I saw something like a they puff of white smoke glide over the shoulder of a huge mountain on the opposite side of the valley. It was followed by another and another. We could followed by another and another. neither see whence they came nor whither they went We were too far away to hear the sullen thunder of their fall. Silently they flashed into sight, and as silently van-

Wolfe sighed heavily "Poor Lawrence!" said he. "Switzerland was his dream. He longed for the Alps as ardently as other men long for money or

Lawrence was a younger brother of his whom I had never seen—a lad of great promise, whose health had broken down at Addiscombe some ten or twelve years before and who had soon after died of rapid consumption at Torquay.
"And he never had that longing grati

"Ah, no-he was never out of England. They prescribe the bracing climates now, I am told, for lung diseases; but not so then Poor, dear fellow! I sometimes fancy he might have lived, if only he had had his heart's desire."
"I would not let such a painful thought

enter my head, if I were you," said I hast-"But I can't help it! My mind has been running on poor Lawrence all the morning; and, somehow, the grander the scenary gets, the more I keep thinking how he

change the subject." Just at this moment the landlard of the chalet came out-a bright eyed voluble young mountaineer about five or six-and twenty, with a spring of Edelweiss in his

"Good day, meine Herren," he said including all aleke in his salute, but address-ing himself especially to Wolf and myself. "Fine weather for traveling-fine weather for the grapes. These Herren are going on by the New Pass? Ach, Herr Gott! a grand work! a wonderful work!—and all begun and completed in less than three years These Herren see it to-day for the Good. They have probably been Tete Noir? No! Over the Splu gen? Good-good! If these Herren have been over the Splugen they can form an idea of New Pass. The New Pass is very like the Solugen. It has a gallery tunneiled in the solid rock just like the gallery on the Via Mala, with this difference, that the gallery in the New Pass is much longer, and lighted by loop-holes at regular intervals. These Herren will please to observe the view looking both up and down the pass, before enterlog the mouth of the tunnel-there i

not a finer view in all S vitzerland.' "It must be a great advantage to the people hereabouts, having so good a road carried from valley to valley," said I smil-Oh, it is a fine thing for us, mein Herr!

And a fine thing for all this part of the Canton. It will bring visitors —floods of visitors! By the way, these Herren must not omit to look out for the waterfall above the gallery. Holy St. Nicholas! the way in which that waterfal! has been arranged!"
Arranged!" echo echoed Wolf, who was as

much amused as myself. "Diavolo! Do you arrange the waterfails in your coun-

'It was the Herr Backer," said the landlord, unconscous of binter; "the eminent engineer was planted the New Pass. The be suff-red to follow its old c urse down the face of the rock through which the gallery is tunneled, or it would have flowed in at the loopholes and flooded the road. ther-fore, did the Herr Becker do?"

n," said I, somewhat impatiently.
"Not so, mein Herr—not so! The Herr Becker a tempts nothing so expensive. He puide, flinging up his capernits the falls to keep its old couloir and the brick of the precipice come down i's old way—but instead of let-ting it wash the outs de of the gallery, he pierces the rock in another direc ion-vertically-behind the tunnel; constructs an arti-

ficial shoot, or conduit in the heart of the rock; and brings the fall out below the gallery, just where the cliff overnances Now what do the English Herren say to that ?" That it must certainly be a clever piece

of engineering, 'replied Wolfe.

', And that, having rested long enough, we will push on and see it," added I, glad

we paid our reckoning, took a last look at the view, and plunging book into the woods, went on our way refreshed. The path still continued to ascend, till we suddenly came upon a burst of daylight, and found ourselves on a magnificent high

road some thirty feet in breadth, with the lorest and the telegraph wires on the one forest and the telegraph wires on the one hand, and the precipice on the other. Mas sive granite posts at close intervals protected the edge of the road, and the cantonniers were still at work here and there breaking and laying fresh stones and clearing debris. We did not need to be informed that this was the New Pass.

Always ascending, we continued now to follow the road, which at every turn commanded finer and finer views across the valley. Then by degrees the forest dwindled, and was at last left far below; and the ciddy precipies to our left grew steeper: giddy precipices to our left grew steeper; and the mountain slopes above became more and more barren, till the last Alp-roses vanished, and there remained only a carpet of

broken away from the hights above, others thickly coated with lichen, as if they might have been lying there for centuries. We seemed here to have reached the highest point of the New Pass, for our road continued at this barren level for several miles. An immense panorama of peaks, snow fields and glaciers lay outstretched before us to the left, with an unfathomable galf of misty relies between. The hot air simmered in Wolfe, as seen as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day."

"Turn back, sleep at the enact and go on as soon as it is day." the left, with an unfathomable galf of misty valley between. The hot air simmered in

And now the gray rock began to crop out in larger masses close beside our path. croaching nearer and nearer, till at last the splintered cliffs towered straight above our peads, and the road became a mere broad and lovers of it—feel within them some stir-rings of the primitive Adam; some faint longing for the idylic life of the woods and fields that we dreamers are still, in our in-nermost souls, insome enough to sigh after as the highest good." You mean, don't I sometimes wish to bigger as it seemed from that distance, than

the Splugen, barring the mu b greater alti-tude of the road and the still greater width of the valley. But where is the waterfall?"
"Well, it's not much of a waterfall," said Wolfe. "I can just see it—a tiry thread of mist wavering down the cliff a long way on, beyond the mouth of the tunnel." "God gr. dear old fel

"Aye; I see it now—a sort of inferior Staubbach. Heavens! what power the sun has up bere! At what time did Kauffmann say we should get to Schartzenfelden?"

"Not before seven, at the carliest—and now it is nearly four."

"Hump! three hours more; say three and a half. Well, that will be a pretty good day's pedestrianizing, heat and all consid-

Here the conversation ended, and we plodded on again in silence.

Meanwhile the sun blazed in the heavens. and the light, struck back from white rock and whiter read, was almost blinding. And still the hot air danced and simmered before us, and a windtess stillness, as of death,

lay upon all the scene.
Suddenly, quite suddenly—as if he had started out of the rock, I saw a min coming toward us with rapid and eager gesticulabut I was so startled for the moment by the unexplained way in which he made his appearance that I scarcely took in the meining of his gestures.

"How odd?" I exclaimed coming to a alt. How did be get there?"
"How did be get there?"
"How did who get there?" said Wolfe.
"Why, that fellow yonder. Did you see rhee he came from!"
"What fellow, my dear boy? I see none

but ourselves. And he stared vaguely round, while all the time the man between us and the gal-le.y was waving his arm above his head and running on to meet us. "Good heavens! Egerton." I said impa-

tlently. "where are your eyes? Here-straight before us-not a quarter of a mile off—making signs as hard as he can. Per-haps we had better wait till he comes up."

My friend drew his race-glass from its case, adjusted it carefully, and took a long, steady look down the road. Seeing him do this, the man stood still but kept his right hand up all the same.

"You see him now, surely," ; aid I. I turned and looked him in the face. I could not believe my ears. "Upon my honor, Frank," said he, earmouth of the tunnel beyond. Here, Kauff-

Ksuffmann, who was standing close by, stepped up and touched his cap.
"Look down the road," said Wolfe.
The guide shaded his eyes with his and looked.

"I see the entrance to the gallery, mein

Nothing else ?" "Nothing else, mein Herr."
And still the man stood there in the road even came a step nearer! Was I mad?
You still think you see some one you-

said Egerton, looking at me very se-"I know that I do." He handed me his race-glass. "Look through that." he said, " and tell me if you still see him."

"I see him more plainly than before."
"What is he like?" "Very tall-very slender-tair-quite young-not more, I should say, than fifteen or sixteen-evidently an Englishman."

" How is he dressed?" "In a gray suit—his collar open, and his hroat bire. Wears a Scotch cap with a sil-

ver budge in it. He takes his cap off and waves it!—he has a whitish scar on his right I can see the motion of his lips - he seems to say, 'go back! go back!' Look
for vourself—you must see him!"

"No. no," he said, hoarsely. It's of no
use. Go on looking. " What
more, for God's sake?'

Llooked again. "he class all but dropped

I looked again-the glass all but dropped Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed breathlessly, "h- is gone!"

Gone ?" Aye, gone. Gone as suddenly as he came -gone as though he had never been. I could not believe it. I rubbed my eyes. I ubbed the glass on my sleeve. I looked, and looked again; and still, though I look-

At this moment, with a wild unearthly cry, and a s range sound as of some heavy "Torned the course of the fall, and projectile cleaving the stagnant air, an en-brought it down a hundred yards further gle plunged past upon mighty wings, and swooped down into the valley

"Ein adlier! ein adlier!" shouted the guide, flinging up his cap and running to Wolf laid his hand upon his arm, and drew

a deep breath.
"Legrice," he said very calmly, but with a white, awe struck look in his face. "you described my brother Lawrence—age, dress, height, everything; even to the Scotch cap he always wore, the silver badge my uncle Horace gave him on his birthday. He got that scar in a cricket match at Harrow-

gale! "Why should you be the one permitted to see him is strange," he went on, speaking more to himself than to me! strange? I wish —, but there! perhaps should not have believed my own eyes. must believe yours "

I will never believe that my eyes saw your brother Lawrence," I said resolutely.
"We must turn back, of course," he went on, taking no notice of my answer. "Look here, Kauffman; can we get to Schwarzenfelden to-night by the old pass, if we turn "Turn back?" I interrupted. "My dear

Egerton, you are not serious? 'I was never more serious in my life," he

welve miles further round." "Twelve and fourteen are twenty-six" said I "We cannot add twenty-six miles to our original thirty. It is out of the

Wolfe, hastily.
"And nothing," I replied "shall induce
me to believe that we have received any such warning. I either saw that man or I labored under some kind of optical illusion.

But ghosts I do not believe in."

"As you please. You can go on if you prefer i and take Kauffmau with you—I know my way back."

"Agreed—except as regards Kauffmann.
Let him take his choice."

Kauffmann, having the matter explained to him, elected at once to go back with Egerton Wolf.
If the Herr Englishman has been warned

in a vision." he said, crossing himself devoutely, "It is suicide to go on. Obey the blessed spirit, meine Herr."

But nothing now would have induced me to turn back, even if I had felt inclined to do so, agreeing to meet next day at Schwartzenfelden, my triend and I said good has a second of the said good has a said goo

"God grant you may come to no harm, dear old fellow," said Wolf, as he turned away. "I den't feel like harm, I assure you," I

replied.laughing.
And so we parted.
I stood still and watched them till they were out of sight. At the turn of the road they paused and looked back. When Wolfe waved his hand for the last time, and fi-nally disappeared, I could not repress a sud-den thrill—he looked so like the figure of

For that it was an illusion. I did not doubt for a moment. Such phenomena, though not common, are by no means un-heard of. I had talked with some eminent physicians on this very subject, and I re-member that each had spoken of cases

within his own experience. I would never disbelieve in ballucinations again. To that I made up my mind; but as for ghosts-pshaw! how could any man. above all, such man as Egerton Wolfe, b-lieve in ghosts? Ressoning thus, and smiling to myself, I tightened the shoulder-straps of my knapeack, took a pull at my wine-flask, and set

off toward the tunnel.

The roof and sides of the gallery, and the road beneath my teet, were all hewn in the solid rock. A sharp, arrowy gleam of light, shooting atawart the gloom about ingut, shooting athwart the gloom about fifty yards ahead, marked the position of the 1 rst loop-hole. A second, a third a fourth, as many, perhaps, as eight or ten gleamed faintly in the distance. The they blue speck which showed where the gallery opered out again upon the day, looked at least a mile away. The path under foot was wet and slippery; and as I went on and my eyes became accustomed to the and my eyes became accustomed to the nel was streaming with moisture.

I pushed on rapidly. The first and sec-ond loop-holes were soon left behind, but at the third I paused for a moment to breath the outer air. Then for the first time, I observed that every rut in the road beneath my feet was filled with running I hurried on faster and faster. I shivered.

while the tunnel was dripping like a showerbath.

All at once my attention was arrested by a sound-a strange, indescribable soundheavy muffled, as of a mighty force at work in the heart of the mountain. I stood still—I held my breath—I fancied I felt the solid rock vibrate beneath my feet! Then it flashed upon me that I must be now approaching that part of the gallery behind which the waterfall was conducted, and that what I heard was the muffied roar of its descert, At the same moment, chancing to look down at my feet, I saw that the road was an inch deep in running water from wall to wall. Now, lawyer as I am, and ignorant of the first principles of civil engineering. I felt

sure that this much praised Herr Becker should at least have made his tunnel water-tight. That it leaked somewhere was plain, and that it shoul I be suffered to go on ing to the discomfort of travelers was simply intolerable. An inch of water, for intance, was more than-en inch. dld I say? Gracions heavens! since the moment I looked it had rised to three—it was closing over

In that instant a great horror f !l upon me the borror of darkness and sudden death I turned, flung away my Alpenstock, and fled for my life. Fie! blindlessly, breathlessly, wildly, with the horrible, grinding sound of the imprisoned waterfall in my ears, and the gathering torrent at my heels. Never while I live shall I forget the agony of those next few seconds—the icness seizing on my limbs—the ness seizing on my limbs—the sudden frightful sense of impeded respiration—the water rising, eddying, clamoring, pursuing me, pas-ing me—the swirl of it, as it passed each loophole in succession—the rush with which (as I strained on to the mon h of the gallery, now not a dez-n yards distant) it leaped out into the sunlight like a living

At the supreme instant, just as I had darted out through the echoing arch, and staggered a few feet up the road, a deafon ing re-ort, crackling hurled, tremendeous like the explosion of a mine, rent the siand rouse is hundred echo's lowed by a moment of strange and terrible suspense. Then, with a deep and sullen roar, audible above the rolling thunders of the mountains round, a mighty wave-smooth and solid, glassy, like an Atlantic wave on an English western coast, came gleaming up the mouth of the tunnel, paused at it were, upon the threshold, reared its majestic crest, curved. flooded the road for yards beyond the spot where I was clinging to the rock like a minute. rushing back again as the wave rushes down

vanished in a cloud of mist. After this the imprisoned flood came pouring out tumultuously for several minand masonry, and filling the road with de-bris; but even this disturbance presently subsided, and almost as soon as the last choes of the explosion had died away the liberated waters were ripping pleasantly along their new bed, sparkling out into the sunshine as they emerged from the gallery, and glided in a smooth, continuous stream over the brink of the precipice, thence to fall, in multitudinous wave tolds and wreaths of prismatic mists, into the val-

For myself, drenched to the skin as I was. I could do nothing but turn back and folpass." said the astonished guide, "we can not possibly get to Schwartzenfelden before midnight. We have already come seven miles out of the way, and the old pass is twelve miles further rand." sunset, shivering and hungry; just in time to claim my share of a capital omelette and dish of mountain trout; how the Swiss Press rang with my escape for at least nine was liberally censured for his defe "These Herren can sleep at the chalet where we halted," suggested the guide.
"True—I had not thought of that," said back from the dead to save us from utter

ley two thousand feet below.

broken away from the hights above, others Wolfe. "We can sleep at the chalet and go destruction, are matters upon which it were needless to dwell in these pages. Enough that I narrowly escaped with my ife. and that had we gone on, as we don less should have gene on but for the delay coesequent upon my illusion, we should most probably have been in the heart of the tunnel at the time of the explosion, and

ot one left to tell the tale Nevertheless, my dear friends, I do not believe, and I have made up my mind never to believe-in ghosts.

Remarkable Dream.

Few there are of the same time resident of the city of New York who do not re-member those days of public and private agony, in October, 1854, when the Collinsteamship Arctic was overdue and supposed to be lost at sea. It was a favorite line and vessel, and on board were persons of the highest social standing. Consequently the name of the Arctic was on every lip, and while the friends of those on board were op-pressed with the most terrible apprehen-sions, the public mind generally was scarce-ly less excited.

The Collins vessels were so regular that merchants timed the delivery of the mails almost to an hour, and when day after day sped by, and neither the vessel nor any ti-dines of her came to hand, the gloom be-c-me deeper. Strange to relate one of the most desponding was Mr. E. K. Collins, the manager of the line, and the person after whom it was named. The crowds who whom it was named. The crowds who flocked to the effice to question him, and who raturally expected to see him full of hope, found him pale, dispirited, and often in tears. His wife and two children were on board, but it was thought that his infidence in the staunchness of the vesser, and the s amanship of those in charge of them would make him treat the matter in a total ly different spirit in which he did. . Much surprise was expressed, but the actual rea-son for his great depression was at that time known only to a few of his relatives and most intimate friends. It arose, in truth from a dream, which eft an impression bethe end was verified in every particular.

A number of the directors and various necessary were assembled in the private efficer, the company on a Monday afternoon. The vessel was then some two days noon. Whe vessel was then some two days overdub, having been experted on the previous Baurday evening. At this time Mr. Colling lived at a magnificent residence in Westchester county, and had remained in town over Sunday, to receive his family on the arrival of the steamer. He spent Saturday night at the house of his brother, and on Succity warring came down to the table. on Su day morning came down to the table came without the vessel having been reported, Mr. Collins again spoke of his dream ed, Mr. Collins again spoke of his dream.
During Monday he related it to several others, and at the hour of the assemblage to the private office it was told over again with an injunction of secrecy, however, which prevented it from reaching the public. As one after another came into the office, they were painfully impressed with the gloom which was pictured in the face of Mr. Collins. A large man of error stature and

Collins. A large man of erect stature, and marked dignity of manners, he did not look like a person who would give way to any useless fears on any occasion. But he was far more quiet than usual; he seemed to I felt the cold selzing me. The arched entrance through which I had just passed had dwindled already to a shining patch no bigger than my hand, while the tiny blue speck on ahead seemed as far off as ever. Meanone and another, in whispers.

* Remember his wife and children are or board the Arctic." said some one, in reply

said some one, in reply

"Yes," responded another; "but there is no occasion for alarm. The ship is staunch one, and within a few hours at mos will, I think, come gallantly to her wharf.
"Never!" said a deep, solemn voice.
All gave a slight start at the tone and
words, and turned in the direction whence

they proceeded. The speaker was Mr. Col "I am satisfied, gentlemen," he remarked, in the same solemn manner, "that the Arctic has gone to the bo ottom." "Impossible!" cried all.

I am quite astonished at the opinion, said Mr. James Brown, a prominent direc-tor. "No one knows better than you do Mr. Collins, the superior construction of the ships of our line, and the qualifications of officer and crew in charge of the Arc

Any vessel may be lost," said Mr. Col lins; "and while I am satisfied that as di rectors an public servants we have done all that human being could in the premises still I beli-ve the Arctic to be lot. May a good God have protected those on board!" Here his voice falled blm and his eve were suffused with tears. With his thoughts ar out on the broad, dangerous ocean, had seen his wife and children among thes nelpless ones, and for the moment be could

sav no more. The scene was affecting in the extreme, and perhaps never had its equal in any counting-room in the world. For some time there was entire silence, and then Mr.

" Mr. Collins, you must have some good "None in the world," returned Mr. Colins, "except a dream."
"Adosm!" repeated one and another. All sneer d, and some almost laughed

dignity which was peculiarly impressive in him—"gentlemen, you no doubt regard his as a great weakness. Perhaps it is Dreams are generally regarded as foolist toings, but I have had one under such cir sentiment of evil to this ship, which no power on earth can remove."

Every man there listened with his ears the u-ually strong minded man, who spoke these words so seriously and impressively. "Last Saturday night," con inued Mr. Collins, "I dreamed of the Arctic. I saw her as perfectly before me as I ever saw her. It was her graceful mo el, her spacious decks, and her noble officers and crew. I her side; there was a panic on her decks; people were running hither and thither, and crying to be sayed; and, sirs, I saw that no

e ship go down."
"But all of this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.
"I believe it a reality," replied Mr. Col lins; "and again I say, may heaven have protected those poor souls on board. However, I beg that neither my dream nor convictions may reach the public."

Soon after the merchants went the law.

eral ways Not one of them could shake off the impression made by what had occurred. Meanwhile the newspapers endeavored to sustain public confidence by all kinds of stories. Three days later, the first of the survivors reached our shores with the harrowing tale of the disaster by collis-ion to the Arctic, and of the loss of most of those on board. When all the facts became those on board. When all the facts became knewn, they were exact in every particular with Mr. Collins' cream, and it may prop-erly be regarded as one of the most striking and remarkable that ever occurred.

A late letter from South Africa represents that there are 30,600 diggers in the diamond fields, but only a lucky or favored few making a good thing out of it.

Medicinal Boquets.

very decided medical uses. On the ruined wat's of old castles you find the clove pink, for giliflower, once greatly prized by your forefathers, but now chiefly employed to give flavor and color to syrup. Then there are the plants to which the general name of a tropa is given, so called from the geddess of destiny, because the effects are so fat-!

The chief of these is the beliadonna, or deadly nightshade. You may find it in many parts upon estcareous soil. The berries are very alluring, beautiful and sweet tasted, and children and careless people have often suffered, even to the loss of life, by eating them. It is said that Macbeth conquered the Danes by mixing night shade with the wine and water he sent them. shade with the wine and water he sent them. The first symptoms are those of istoxicaion, fits of laughter, and vi dent gesture Another kind of atropa is the mandragora or mandrake, so called from the supposed resemblance of the root to the human form. Something similar is told of Huntbal and the mandrake to the story of Macbeth and the rightshade Machiavel has made its fabulous powers the subject of a comedy. The queen like lilles have precious roots, whose petals, preserved in spirits, were

sovereign remedies for cuts and bruises. to breakfast looking so haggard that it attracted attention. When spoked to about it, he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, beath basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, beath basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, beath basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, beath basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, beath basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated the he had passed a rest, basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated that he had passed a rest, basil put—haunting green sunny he frankly stated the set head the se root out of jealousy, for its great virtues in healing sickness."—London Society.

Death of General Porfirio Diaz.

The telegraph brings us the announce ant of the death of General Porficio Disz of Oaxaca, who has been the leading spirit of the rebel element in Mexico. His brother.
Feliz Diaz. nicknamed "El Chato" (the
Pag-nosed) Governor of Oaxaca, was defeated and killed in battle with the Federal,
troops under General Alatorre, last month;
and thus the Diaz family, one of the most and thus the Disz family, one powerful and important in Mexico, a few months since, has ceased to exist. General Porfirio D az was a native of Oaxaca, a law-Porfirio D az was a native of Oaxaca, a law-yer by education, and a very successful of the world. antepec," which freed southwestern Mex'co from the Imperial forces, was one of the nemorable events of the war which culmiared in the downtall of Maximillian. He followed it up with the brilliant assault and capture of the city of Puebla in a single night's desperate fighting, and, having thus the garrison and popu'ation to the most terrible extremities, forced its capitulation, and destroyed the last hope of the Empire He was always, until within the past three months, looked upon as a representative man a loyal citizen and a true parriot, and was frequently designated as "the Cincin-natus of Mexico." His age, at the time of his death, was between 38 and 40 years His death leaves the different bands of revo lutionists without a recognized head, and greatly reduces their chances of overthrow

ng the Justez administration. will declare in favor of Lerde de Tejada, la l ader of the Juarez Cabinet, and n Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Leon Guzman, anot er Judge of the Su-preme Court, and recently defeated candilate for the Governorship of the State of Mexico-which includes the capital. Lirdo of Tejada is an able lawyer and ciploma is a pure blooded Spania d by descent, and apposed to be more acceptable to the Church party than any of the other aspirants to the Presidency Bur he was so line dentified with the Justez Administration as to be considered personally resp as ble for the very acts most denounced by the Revolutionists. His Spanish blood mak shim objectionable to the Indian element now so strong in Mexico, and he lacks the rsonal magneti-m required for a popula-a ler in a time of such terrible exci ement

s the present in his country Leon Gazman is an able lawyer, an ac omplished scholar, and has always stood statesman and patriotic citizen. He was a prominent member of the Constitutional Convention of 1857 and has always been a strong Liberal and Progressionist in poli-He was defeated in the last ele or the G vernor-hip of the State of M-xic by the Juarist candidate, but it is somew. im-elf to become the leader of a revolution atical at this time.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE. - But the flow er-girl's legend a sout Count Roland and the beantiful Hildegunde? Here, more than nine hundred years ago,

a young knight, seeking adventure along the Rhine, saw, tell in love with and became betrothed to the fair Hildeguade, most beautiful of Rhineland damsels, daughter of Heribert, Lord of the Seven Mountains.
A day was appointed for the nuptials, and the bride's maidens selected, but Charlemagne suddenly summoned Roland to attend him during one of his wars, and the riage was postponed till the count's return. Meanwhile news came of his death, and Hildegunde, too credulous, took the veil and became a nun at the convent on the island of Nonnenworth. But Roland was not dead: in time he came back, scarred and famous to claim his bride. She was, of course in accessible; so he built Rolandseck, the cas-tle on the rock which overlooks the convent, and paid his devotions to watching Milde-gunde when she walked about the gardens. Whatever their motives for seclusion, the whatever their motives for seclusion, the patience of the lover must have persuaded the nuns that the fickles is of man was no sufficient ground for all doning the world. The sex was not so bed the rail. What has made this convent of N nenworth famous but that love it was outlit to neutralize? When the bell tolled for Hidegunde's funeral, Roland sunk into silence, and was found dead, his glazed sollence, and was found dead, his glazed sollence. found dead, his glazed eyes still turned to ward the convent. The romance of the stor-has lasted longer that the castle, which i now but the fragment of a ruln.

Let us go out into the highways and bedges, an i gather up some medicinal bounds. There have been medicated boquets and ladies have sucked them, and perished. There is the fog glove. The hedges of Somersetshire and Devonshire are perfectly beautiful with it, but in every part of the country you may god patches of it on heath and hedge. It is benidsummer flower, and loves the sides of fills. The flowers gracefully drop their these, the upper surface of the leaves being a beautiful deep green, and the under paler and more downy. From a very considerable experience in this ornamental ash we extract the seence, which was once extravagantly the mended by physicians, and is admirably to mended by physicians, and is admirably to the modern of the leaver person speaks a foreign language well, and a clever person speaks it bady, the standing the parts of of our most valuable edstives.

From a very considerable experience in connection with education, we are convinced that it requires a very small amount of brain power to be a good linguist. It requires a very small amount of brain power to be a good linguist. It requires a very small amount of brain power to be a good linguist. It requires of the country is extensively grown for the common hendane, as powerful and sometimes more useful than opium. It cases of neuralgua, put some leaves in your part of the common hendane, as powerful narboration in the common hendane, as powerful narboration in the lateriar medical purposes. On the remaining in French have but the masculine from the parts of the country is extensively grown for the leaver of the

down as neuter, and the Italians as mascuine; thus the sum in German is feminine
and the moon masculine, for what reason it
is impossible to say; and thus confusion
reigns supreme on this subject, to the total
exclusion of reason.

Our own case will, we believe, be found
similar to that of hun ireds of thousands of
other people. As a boy, we were taught
Greek and Latin, such an amount as enabled us to read a Greek Testament with the
use occasionally of a lexicon, and to read
treely Ovid and Virgil. But our future career was selected to be one in which Greek
and Latin were not subjects for examination;
but French and German "paid well;" consequently, four years were devoted to the
study of these two languages—at the end of
which time we found ourselves in South Africa, where the only languages of any praotical use were Duten and Caffree. To Dutch
and Caffree, consequently, we turned our atand Calfres, consequently, we turned our attention, and after rather more than a year's study we were able to converse impe in both these. But again were we on the point of finding these later labors useless, for there was every prospect of our services being trasferred to India, and we heard from good autority that we were not likely to go! on there unless we could speak Hinlustani, and perhaps understand Sanscrit or

Here, then, were Greek, Latin, French German, Caffree, Hindustani, Persian, San-serit, all to be learned, in order that one's own thoughts and wishes should be made intelligible to another person. In our judg-ment this is not only a mistake, but it is a mistake which is remediable, and which is a

composition of a German composer can be at once read and translated into sounds by the musicians of the whole world. English musician it is a matter of indiffer-ence what was the nationality of the composer; there is in music but one language Mexico, he marched to the capital, laid stege to it in regular order, and, after reducing conveying our thoughts to other people and conveying our thoughts to other people and making them intelligible; yet there are a thousand different ways of doing the latter, instead of one, and unless a person know at least four or five of these—that is, unless he employ some four or five years of his life in acquiring a knowledge of these lan-guages—he is dumb in many countries.

guages—he is dumb in many countries.

Unfortunately, also unless a person keep perpetually practicing a language, he soon forgets it and all his past labor, or at least a great part of it has to be gone over again.

—Chambers' Journal.

Every one who has visited Washington during the past sixty years must have been femiliar with "old St. Patrick's ' as it was structure built in Washington, the site for the baildin having been donated by the Carroll family of Duddington manor, and is snortly to be real seed by one of the largest and finest ecclesiastical structures in the country. Father Matthew, the friend and intimate of Clay and Webster, was for many years its pastor, and -t his hospitable little house, adjoining the church, used to assemble all that wa brilli int and witry in the capital. The old father who belong do a wealthy Maryland family, received what in those days was considered some. what in those days was considered something wonderful, an English university education. He was one of the mo t accomplished linguists of his day, and had all the ease and grace of manner of a marquis of the "ancien regime." In politics he was a Whig, and in his pariors, intersperced with pic urea of sunts, popes, &c., were those of Clay, Webster, and other Whig magnates. The old gentleman gave a little supper one evening to his Whig triends. Clay, who of course was present, espuing a portrait of course was present, espying a portrait of Andrew Jackson hanging upon the walls of the diring room, rallied the old gentleman with: "I see, Father Matthew, yeu have enrolled old Hickory among the list of your saints. Pray when was be canon'z d?" Without hesitation, the old priest replied: "At New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1815 'A few we ks ago—during the pro-cess of d-molition, the remains of Father Matthew were found, after seventeen years interment, in a perfect state of pre-tion, there being evident not a vestige

From a veport of Josquin miller's lecture on England: "Napoleon III. comes to the Savege Club, for I believe he is more successful as a writer than as an emperor; and Garibaldi has been there too. I was introduced to a celebrated painter (Gustave Dere) in the Savage Club. I could not understand a word of his language, nor he of min. therefore our greeting was more corstand a word of his language, nor need min, therefore our greeting was more cordial than intelligent. The waiter placed wine between us. He addressed me in French; I said, 'No sabe,' He then spoke German; I said, 'No kumtux.' We drank again, and I spoke to him in California Digger Indian. I then tried the Orgon Chinock, but he did not understand me. he did not understand me. In Whitehall I first saw the Laughter I in Whitehall I first saw the Queen of England, a sad and silent woman, whose virtues charities and simplicity have challenged the admiration of the world. [Long applicated of the control of Renewed flaute.] A woman who has turned from the allurements of courts to educate her own children; a woman always clad in uncompromising black. She never wears hoops, nor waterfalls, nor false hair. or waterfalls, nor false hair. eser a crown for this, if

The Slour Lity Journal says that the trip can be made from that place to the new gold discoveries in the Black Hills, by speamboat to Whetstone 365 miles, and from there to the mines on foot, in a week.